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## THE INDICATOR.

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There he arriving, round about doth fly,  
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,  
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

### ON THE LATIN POEMS OF MILTON.

[Continued.]

THE book of *Miscellanies* or *Woods* (*Silvarum Liber*—for the ancients delighted in associating ideas taken from objects of nature with pursuits of which they were fond) commences with three compositions in *Greek*. Of these Greek verses, there are in all but thirty-one; and Dr. Burney has found sixteen faults in them. The Doctor says, however, that Milton was a great scholar; and that “if he had lived in the present age, the necessity of his remarks would, in all probability, have been superseded:” for Milton’s “native powers of mind, and his studious researches, would have been assisted by the learned labours of Bentley, Hemsterhusius, Valckenaer, Toup, and Ruhnkenius, &c.” This is probable, and might have saved the Doctor the trouble which he has taken in his twenty-two pages of criticism. It was hardly necessary to prove, that what was not likely to be done by a writer of Greek at a time when nobody else wrote Greek or read it, might have been done better in the present century. Milton, speaking of his translation of the 114th Psalm, which takes up twenty-two verses out of the thirty-one, and which he wrote when he was twenty-eight, says to his friend Gill (the master of St. Paul’s School) “It is the first and only thing I have ever written in Greek since I left your school: for, as you know, I am now fond of composing in Latin and English. They in the present age, who write in Greek, are singing to the deaf.” His Greek translation is not so good as his English version of the same psalm, written at fifteen. This latter is worth quoting, both on account of the early Milton that is in it, and as a proof how he might have excelled in heroic rhyme if he had chosen to “tag his verses,” as he called it. Many of Waller’s productions are not a whit softer or more facile. I do not ask the reader’s pardon for these digressions. To wander in the fields of poetry after one set of flowers, and never pick up another, would be difficult.

When the blest seed of Terah’s faithful son,  
After long toil, their liberty had won;  
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty’s hand;

Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
 His praise and glory were in Israel known.  
 That saw the troubled Sea, and *shivering* fled,  
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
 As a faint host that hath received the foil.  
 The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams  
 Amongst their ewes; the little hills, like lambs.  
 Why fled the ocean? And why skip the mountains?  
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
*Shake, Earth; and at the presence be aghast*  
*Of him that ever was, and aye shall last;*  
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

At this noble couplet, "Shake, Earth"—Warton exclaims in a note "He was now only fifteen!" He might well admire it. The other Psalm (the 136th) versified at the same age, has similar dawnings of the divinity that stirred within him. The king of Basan is called "large-limbed Og:"—Pharaoh is "the tawny king:" and the skies are

The painted heavens so full of state;

and God's hand is a "thunder-clasping hand." The whole version also has a high lyrical air with it, like that of a born lover of music. The short couplets, followed by a constant return of the same burden, fall and rise upon the ear like alternations of solo and chorus; and at the same time exhibit a majestic variety of modulation, in the midst of apparent uniformity. Even these earliest of our author's productions are lessons in the real music of poetry.

Let us, | with a gladsome mind,  
 Praise the Lord, | for he is kind.  
     For his mercies aye endure,  
     Ever faithful, ever sure.  
 Let us blaze his name abroad, |  
 For of Gods | he is the God.  
     For, &c.  
 O, | let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell. |  
     For, &c.  
 Who, | with his miracles | doth make  
 Amazed Heaven and Earth | to shake.  
     For, &c.

And so on to the end. Milton in these psalms, had the double impulse upon him of his own inclination, and a wish to please his father, who was a religious man, a musician, and a composer of sacred music.

The two Greek epigrams, one the message of a philosopher to a king who had condemned him to death, unknowingly; and the other, on a bad engraving of himself prefixed to his Poems, are as insipid as need be. The latter, however, gave rise to a good involuntary joke on the part of another engraver, Vandergucht. He copied it for Tonson's edition in 1713, and unfortunately transferring the epigram at the same time, and setting his name to the plate, requested the reader, in Greek, to laugh at his own performance.

I will take this opportunity of correcting an error which I am afraid has crept into a former article. If I said that I believed Greek elegy to have been always melancholy, it was an idle mistake. For melancholy, read serious. Warton's mention of the Latin poem of Buchanan



upon May-time, gave rise to another confusion of recollections. I spoke of a poem by Statius on the same subject : but the fact is, I once had a Buchanan and a Statius, which were both duodecimos and printed alike ; and what I remembered as a poem by the ancient Latin writer, was the identical one alluded to by Warton in the modern.

The first of Milton's Latin compositions that we come to in the book of miscellanies, is an ode on the death of the Cambridge Professor of Medicine. Poets have generally been happy in recording the merits of their cousins-german in Phœbus, the physicians : but Milton's production is a common-place that might have been written by other boys of seventeen. A doctor and master of a college is a different thing in the eyes of a youth, from the physician in those of the grown poet. These contributions were the result of college ambition. The next ode but one is on the death of the bishop of Ely, who had also been a master of a college ; and is worth as little. The piece that comes between, is a curiosity. It is another poem on the subject of Guy Faux ; and " as containing a council, conspiracy, and expedition of Satan, may be considered," says Warton, " as an early and promising prolusion of Milton's genius to the *Paradise Lost*." It was written at seventeen. It is more curious, however, than remarkable for its promise. The Devil considers how he shall do a mischief to the prosperity and Protestantism of England, and takes measures with the Pope and the Catholics accordingly : but he is the devil of Tasso and others, not of the *Paradise Lost*. He gnashes his teeth, and breathes forth groans mixed with sulphur. Yet there are prophetic notes too of the future organ. The following is a fine line. Wherever Satan comes, in his passage through the air,

Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent :—

Clouds thicken, and the frequent thunders glare.

When God is about to speak,

Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremente :—

His thunder-bolts leap forth, and the earth trembles.

Milton in this piece has seized an opportunity, which must have been delightful to a young poet, of being the first to give names to the horses that draw the chariot of Night. His appellations are indicative of Blindness, of Black Hair, of Silence, and a Bristling Horror. The satire, which he could not help mixing with his Hell and Heaven in *Paradise Lost*, after the manner of the Italian poets, is here in its ore. When the Pope goes to-bed, it is not without a soft companion. The procession at Rome on the eve of St. Peter's day is described with great contempt. The Pope, bearing the host, is said to carry his " bread-baken Gods ;" the processions of begging friars are very *lengthy*,—" series longissima,"—blind-minded fellows carrying wax-candles ; and when they all get into the churches, they make a singing and a howling, which the poet compares to *Bacchus* and his troop keeping up their orgies on the mountains. This is not mincing the matter. Milton hardly shewed this poem among his Italian friends, when he went to Rome. Perhaps Galileo had a sight of it. Tuscany, a little before, is described as a country infamous for its poisonings,—a dead hand at a potion :—

Dextra veneficii infamis Hetruria.

This is followed by a pretty passage, where the young poet looks out again from among his "amatory notions." To mark Satan's arrival at Rome, he is described as seeing the god of the Tiber giving stolen kisses to Thetis :—

*Nec non*  
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem.  
Nor did he not perceive thee, Tiber, thee,  
Giving stol'n kisses to the queen o' the sea.

The next piece, which was a college exercise, to prove "that Nature does not grow old," is beautiful; a little too overwrought and particular perhaps, but no more than a young poet should be. I have not translated it all; for to say the truth, poetry, with its fervent concentration of thought, affects the brain of us ailing people like a burning-glass; and translations of this nature agitate me, in my present state of health, like the gravest of those original compositions which I am obliged to avoid. But what I have done, and such as it is, I give the reader. He will see by the beginning, that our young poet had not yet got the whole spirit of a reformer upon him, or he would not have begged the question against those aspirations and endeavours of the human mind, which are as great a proof as any thing of the divine particle within us,—perhaps only its own endeavours to see how far a human medium can further its operations in one particular quarter of existence.

Heu, quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis  
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!  
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni  
Assimilare suis, nullóque solubile sæclo  
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis!  
Ergóne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis  
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater  
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?  
Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit  
Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,  
Annorúmque æterna fames, squalórque, sitúsque,  
Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus  
Esuriet Cælum, rapiétque in viscera patrem?  
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
Hoc contra munísse nefas, et Temporis isto  
Exemisse malo, gyrósque dedisse perennes?  
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu  
Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ  
Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;  
Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon  
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?  
Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;  
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ  
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,  
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
Dissultabit apex, imóque allisa barathro  
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternâque bella.

Alas! in what a ceaseless maze  
Of errors, and of darksome ways,  
The human mind, poor wanderer,  
Goes grave and toiling, here and there;

And in its Œdipœan plight,  
 Feeling round through depths of night,  
 Carries a blind brooding face  
 Over its thoughts' most empty space !  
 And yet by these its piteous roads  
 'Twould judge the ways of the great Gods.  
 And a law and reason vaunt  
 Like their carved adamant ;  
 And to its little fleeting hours  
 Tie up Time's own conquerors.

And shall great Nature's face then grow  
 Old, and have a furrowed brow ?  
 Shall her all-producing womb  
 Dry up in the common doom ?  
 Shall she own she's old indeed,  
*And tottering, shake her starry head ?*  
 Must foul corruption, and the fell  
 Hunger of years insatiable,  
 And squalid ills, and thirsts, and cares,  
 Trouble the rejoicing stars ?

— — — —  
 — — — —

Alas ! and could not the wise force  
 Of Jove secure his chrystal towers ?  
 Exempt his spheres from earthly wounds,  
 And bid them take immortal rounds ?  
 Say, shall it be, that some dread day  
 Those marble vaults shall burst away,  
 And dashing as through the mad air,  
 Drown the deafened poles with fear ;  
 Bringing the Olympian from his throne  
 With his bewildered thunders down,  
 And Pallas, glaring as she comes,  
 With the bar'd Gorgonian dooms ?  
 Worse fall, and mightier ruin far,  
 Then the swart Vulcanian star.  
 Thou, Phœbus, shall thy lofty state  
 Follow thy son's rebuked fate,  
 Smitten headlong suddenly  
 With thy lamp into the sea,  
 Which shall hiss with the quench'd light,  
 And fume against the tawny night,  
 Hæmus then, with smouldered heart,  
 With its tops shall leap apart ;  
 And the Acroceraunian frown  
 Slide with all its thunders down  
 Through the roof of shaken Dis,  
 Bringing him the artilleries  
 With which he wont to scale the stars,  
 And wage his old fraternal wars.

I must go on.

But the Almighty Sire has given  
 Surer heart to his starr'd heaven,  
 And pondering on the sum of things,  
 Look'd through all their balancings,  
 Bidding them for aye to be  
 Of a stern sweet harmony.  
 Therefore the first wheels of day  
 Still repeat their roundest way,  
 And about heaven's charmed ears  
 Carry the smooth glassy spheres.  
 Saturn, in his sullen hold,  
 Is not slower than of old :



Crested Mars with fiery eye  
 Reddens in his perturbed sky;  
 And Phœbus, with his florid mouth,  
 Sparkles everlasting youth.

— — — — —  
 He rises ever, as he did,  
 Beauteous from his Eastern bed,  
 Early calling up his team  
 That issues with a whitening beam,  
 And loosening it as late at even  
 Into the quiet meads of heaven.  
 With his double colour, he  
 Divides the day-time equally;  
 And then his sister comes again,  
 Now to wax, and now to wane,  
 And with arms in a like space  
 Holds the blue in her embrace.

— — — — —  
 Fair Earth, nor has the old potency  
 Taken his fruitful arms from thee;  
 Narcissus, drooping on his rill,  
 Keeps his odorous beauty still;  
 And so does either boy divine,  
 Phœbus, thy boy,—and Venus, thine.

He alludes to Hyacinth and Adonis. The air, with which he turns suddenly as it were to Apollo and Venus, and congratulates them on the immortality of their respective favourites, has a certain tenderness and gracefulness of address very exquisite. The imagination throughout the whole poem is, I think, good and true. The poem that follows is still better. It is the one I alluded to in my last on the subject of Plato's aboriginal man, and, to my mind, is equal to the finest parts of the *Pensieroso*, or to any other of the milder dignities of the author's poetry. It was the translation of it, that set me upon the present endeavour.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ;  
 Túque, O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæ que in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas,\*  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cœlique fastos, atque ephemeridas Deûm!  
 Quis ille primus, cujux ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptur, æquævus polo,  
 Unûsque et universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Haud ille Palladis gemullus innubæ  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibèt natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci:  
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes

\* "This," says Warton, "is a sublime personification of Eternity: and there is a great reach of imagination in one of the conceptions which follows, that the original archetype of man may be a huge giant, stalking in some remote, unknown region of the earth, and lifting his head so high as to be dreaded by the gods, &c."—Pray let the learned reader also admire the line beginning "Tamen seorsùs"—the word "stringitur"—the passage about sitting among the unborn souls by the river Lethe—the "alto sinu" and "præpes"—and indeed the whole, from beginning to end.

Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimùmve terris incolit lunæ globum :  
 Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas :  
 Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,  
 Atlante major portitore siderum.  
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,  
 Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;  
 Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licèt  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscùmque Belon, inclytùmque Osiridem.  
 Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,  
 Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
 At tu, pereunne ruris Academi decus,  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis,)   
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus ;  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Say, goddesses of holy woods,  
 Aspects, felt in solitudes ;  
 And Memory, at whose blessed knee  
 The Nine, which thy dear daughters be,  
 Learnt of the majestic past ;  
 And thou, that in some antre vast  
 Leaning afar off dost lie,  
 Otiose Eternity,  
 Keeping the tablets and decrees  
 Of Jove, and the ephemerides  
 Of the gods, and calendars  
 Of the ever festal stars ;  
 Say, who was he, the sunless shade,  
 After whose pattern man was made ;  
 He first, the full of ages, born  
 With the old pale polar morn ;  
 Sole, yet all ; first visible thought,  
 After which the deity wrought ?  
 Twin-birth with Pallas, not remain  
 Doth he in Jove's o'ershadow'd brain ;  
 But though of wide communion,  
 Dwells apart, like one alone ;  
 And fills the wondering embrace,  
 (Doubt it not) of size and place.  
 Whether, companion of the stars,  
 With their ten-fold round he errs ;  
 Or inhabits with his lone  
 Nature in the neighbouring moon ;  
 Or sits with body-waiting souls,  
 Dozing by the Lethæan pools :—  
 Or whether, haply, placed afar  
 In some blank region of our star  
 He stalks, an unsubstantial heap,  
 Humanity's giant archetype ;  
 Where a loftier bulk he rears  
 Than Atlas, grappler of the stars,  
 And through their shadow-touch'd abodes  
 Brings a terror to the gods.  
 Not the seer of him had sight,  
 Who found in darkness depths of light ;\*

\* Tiresias, who was blind.

His travelled eyeballs saw him not  
 In all the gulphs they rolled about :  
 Him the farthest-footed god,  
 Pleiad Mercury, never shewed  
 To any poet's wisest sight  
 In the silence of the night:  
 News of him the Assyrian priest \*  
 Found not in his sacred list,  
 Though he traced back old king Nine,  
 And Belus, elder name divine,  
 And Osiris, endless famed.  
 Not the glory, triple-named,  
 Thrice great Hermes, though his eyes  
 Read the shapes of all the skies,  
 Left him in his sacred verse  
 Revealed to Nature's worshippers.

O Plato! and was this a dream  
 Of thine in bowery Academe?  
 Wert thou the golden tongue to tell  
 First of this high miracle,  
 And charm him to thy schools below?  
 O call thy poets back, if so: †  
 Back to the state thine exiles call,  
 Thou greatest fabler of them all;  
 Or follow through the self-same gate,  
 Thou, the founder of the state.

[The remainder of this article in our next.]

### CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—ROMAN AND TARTARIAN PONTIFFS.

WE learn from Petersburg letters, that Providence has removed the Dalai Lama of Thibet, who, according to the more literal, but scarcely more assumptive phraseology of Tartarian devotion, ascended into the celestial regions in consequence of the *sins* of the people, ‡ five years ago, and has not yet reappeared. The intelligence is given in the following words:—

“The Russian interpreters of the establishment at Pekin have reported, on their return, that the Dalai Lama died five years ago, and that he has not yet *reappeared*, because the Court of Pekin desires that he should revive in the person of a *Mantchou* Prince, to which the Thibet party does not seem to be inclined.”

The singular fact of such an announcement at the very moment when the death of his Holiness of Rome may probably be producing a similar operation in favour of another *Mantchou* Prince in Europe, is in

\* Sanchoniathon.

† Whom Plato banished from his imaginary republic.

‡ We all know that when a King of Great Britain is sick, he is thus visited, not because he is born to endure a few of the evils which flesh is heir to, or for any faults of his own, but in consequence “of the sins of his people.” Whether Lambeth borrowed this from Thibet, or Thibet from Lambeth, we know not, but the Minister of the deceased Teshoo Lama thus announces the death of his master to Governor-General Hastings:—

“But at this time, *because of our wickedness*, the holy Lama accepted unto himself severe distempers, and he retired from this perishable world to the eternal mansions, leaving us overwhelmed with the sorrows of separation.”



itself curious; but it is rendered much more so by the accompanying intelligence, which proves that the general springs of human action are every where the same. We scarcely need inform our readers, that the Dalai Lama in theory is a real incarnation of the Deity, but in point of fact the spiritual head of a Church, to which the Court of China once paid real, but latterly only nominal homage;—a similar mastery of power or pretension having taken place in this part of Asia, as in Catholic Europe. The fiction in respect to the choice of a Lama is bolder in theory than the alleged interference of the Holy Ghost in the election of a Pope; but in reality the choice is managed in a very similar manner by the Magnates of Thibet, under the external influence of China, and their own and other native interests. For many years past, it has been the policy at Rome to choose an Italian Cardinal, and not to place the Papacy under the family influence of a reigning sovereign. A brother of the Emperor of Austria is at this moment a Cardinal, and, presuming an intrigue on the part of that despot to get him elected Pope, it would be precisely similar to the exertions of the Court of China, that the Lama should *reappear* in the person of a Mantchou Prince, so similar are the leading motives of sinister power and policy all over the world. The comparison between the European and the Tartarian spiritual supremacy is yet more intimate, for if we look into the history of both, we shall find that a like progression has taken place. Time has been, when Emperors of China and Tartar Princes repaired to the Lama, to pay homage, make presents, and receive back benedictions; whereas of late they have been regarded as little more than convenient appendages to a general religion; and instead of homage and visits *to* them, all kind of accommodation and visits *from* them, have been the order of the day; and if the Chinese were to place a fortunate soldier like Napoleon upon the throne, and coronations were a part of Chinese costume, the Lama could or would no more refuse to crown him, than Pius VII. refused to crown Bonaparte. These resemblances are at least amusing, and so far instructive, as they indicate general principles, and prove that although Paley may be right to a certain extent in calling man a “bundle of habits,” there is a something beneath these said habits which is common to the whole species.

We have observed that theory is bolder in regard to the Tartarian Lama than the Roman Pontiff: this is certainly the case at the first appearance, but scarcely more so, looking back to the time when His Holiness gave away Ireland by a *Bull*, and quartered the New World like an orange between his obedient sons of Spain and Portugal. In fact, their pretensions differ much as Dryden divides the musical claims of Timotheus and St. Cecilia,—the Roman exalted a mortal to the skies, the Tartarian calls a divinity down; each new Lama being deemed the reappearance of the last, and a special incarnation of the Creator. Gravity, let it be the essence of what it may, is often very capriciously exhibited, and while we treat the inspiration of the Conclave with befitting reverence, we may be allowed to smile at the secret springs which actuate the operative priesthood in the choice of a Lama, who is usually an infant, in whom the spirit of his deceased predecessor is detected by indications known only to themselves, who, when they deem it convenient, declare his *reappearance*. In the present instance, it seems

these marks have not been discoverable for five years, owing to the profane interference of the government of China. On the face of the earth, there is possibly nothing in the form of government so arrogant and assuming as theocracies, which truth a study of the history of every thing that has borne the name will make manifest. Happily, however, there is a correspondent weakness in spiritual power, which in the long run uniformly places clerical sway under physical domination, a result which frequently sets the pretension and the fact in very ridiculous opposition; and such opposition has occurred in both the instances to which we have been alluding. The Vicar-General of Christ upon earth is evidently the same political plaything in Europe, as the Dalai Lama in Asia, and a like decline usually attends mere priestly power in all places. Its very assumption is self-destructive; for wherever the royal and sacerdotal character has been united, under the notion of a participation of divinity, the poor God has almost uniformly been shut up, in the sequel, to the promotion of an efficient and really governing deputy, as in Japan and other places. The substitution of an union between church and state, if less splendid in appearance, is therefore in fact infinitely more profitable to the priesthood of every persuasion; of which truth, to do the whole of them justice, they now seem to be duly sensible. There has been some chance, indeed, that by this arrangement the monarch would, in another way, be reduced into a silly and puppet-led pagod, but the danger is at length fortunately subsiding, even in such places as Spain and Portugal; and the chief thing to be guarded against at present is, a too intimate agreement between priest and sovereign, at the expense of all the rest of the world.

Unfortunately we cannot supply a regular account of the routine by which the reappearance of a deceased Lama upon earth again is adjusted in the Tartar Conclave, to set off against the virtual *Congé d'Elire* at Rome; but the following extract from Turner's Account of his Embassy to the infant Teeshoo Lama \* very pleasantly describes the gravity and keeping maintained by the friends of religion and social order in Thibet. It is a narrative of one of his audiences:—

“ On the morning of Tuesday, the 4th of December, 1783, I was allowed to visit Teshoo Lama, and found him placed in great form upon his musnud; on the left side, stood his father and mother; on the other, the officer particularly appointed to wait upon his person. The musnud is a fabric of silk cushions, piled one upon the other, until the seat is elevated to the height of four feet from the floor; a piece of embroidered silk covered the top, and the sides also were decorated with pieces of silk, of various colours, suspended from the upper edge, and hanging down. At the particular request of Teshoo Lama's father, Mr. Saunders and myself wore the English dress.

“ I advanced, and, as the custom is, presented a white pelong scarf, and delivered also into the Lama's hands the Governor-General's present of a string of pearls and coral, while the other things were set down before him. Having performed the ceremony of exchanging scarfs with his father and mother, we took our seats on the right hand of Teshoo Lama.

“ A multitude of persons, all those who had been ordered to escort me, were admitted to his presence, and allowed to make their prostrations. The infant Lama

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\* There are now three Lamas in Tartary, of which, under the more especial patronage of China, the Teeshoo Lama is the principal, an honour which formerly belonged to the Dalai Lama. China, with extreme piety, condescends to interest itself in the affairs of all three.



turned towards them, and received them all with a cheerful look of complacency. His father then addressed me in the Thibet language, in words which were explained to me by the interpreter: he said, 'that Teshoo Lama had been used to remain at rest until this time of the day, but he had awoke very early this morning, and could not be prevailed upon to remain longer at his repose; for,' added he, 'the English gentlemen were arrived, and he could not sleep.' During the time we were in the room, I observed that the Lama's eyes were scarcely ever turned from us; and when our cups were empty of tea, he appeared uneasy, and, throwing back his head, and contracting the skin of his brow, continued to make a noise, for he could not speak, until they were filled again. He took some burnt sugar out of a golden cup, containing some confectionary, and, stretching out his arm, made a motion to his attendant to give them to me. He sent some, in like manner, to Mr. Saunders, who was with me. I found myself, though visiting an infant, under the necessity of saying something; for it was hinted to me that, notwithstanding he was unable to reply, it is not to be inferred that he cannot understand. However, his incapacity of answering excused me many words, and I briefly said, that 'the Governor-General, on receiving the news of his decease in China, was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, and continued to lament his absence from the world, until the cloud that had overcast the happiness of this nation was dispelled by his re-appearance; and then, if possible, a greater degree of joy had taken place than he had experienced of grief on receiving the first mournful news. The Governor anxiously wished that he might long continue to illumine the world by his presence, and was hopeful that the friendship which had formerly subsisted between them would not be diminished, but rather that it might become still greater than before; and that, by his continuing to shew kindness to my countrymen, there might be an extensive communication between his votaries and the dependents of the British nation.'

"The little creature turned, looking stedfastly towards me with the appearance of much attention while I spoke, and nodded with repeated but slow movements of the head, as though he understood and approved every word, but could not utter a reply. His parents, who stood by all the time, eyed their son with a look of affection, and a smile expressive of heartfelt joy at the propriety of the young Lama's conduct. His whole attention was directed to us: he was silent and sedate, never once looking towards his parents, as if under their influence at the time; and, with whatsoever pains his manners may have been so correctly formed, I must own that his behaviour on this occasion appeared perfectly natural and spontaneous, and not directed by any external action or sign of authority.

"Teshoo Lama was at this time eighteen months old. Though he was unable to speak a word, he made the most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing dignity and decorum. His complexion was of that hue which in England we should term rather brown, but not without colour. His features were good; he had small black eyes, and an animated expression of countenance; altogether, I thought him one of the handsomest children I had ever seen."

So much for one of those voluntary prostrations of human reason to education and habit, which all people are disposed to smile at when placed at a due distance from home; when with extreme complacency they overlook the most conspicuous absurdity to which they have been innured by their early associations. If the above child survive at this moment he must be in the prime of his maturity, and it would be curious to know what such a mental mummy—such a mind-be-swaddled and ligatured piece of divine mortality, has become; although, to be candid, Turner describes his predecessor, who died at the age of forty of the small pox, while on a forced honourable visit to Peking (just as Pius VI. visited Vienna, and Pius VII. Paris), as an amiable and even sensible man.

Q.



COMMON PLACES.

XIX.

The greatest proof of superiority is to bear with impertinence.

XX.

No truly great man ever thought himself so.

XXI.

Every man, in judging of himself, is his own contemporary.

XXII.

Abuse is an indirect species of homage.

XXIII.

From the height from which the great look down on the world, all the rest of mankind seem equal.

XXIV.

It is a bad style that requires frequent *breaks* and marks of admiration.

XXV.

It happens in conversation as in different games. One person seems to excel, till another does better, and we then think no more of the first.

XXVI.

Those who can keep secrets, have no curiosity. We only wish to gain knowledge, that we may impart it.

XXVII.

Genius is native to the soil where it grows—is fed by the air, and warmed by the sun—and is not a hot-house plant or an exotic.

XXVIII.

All truly great works of art are *national* in their character and origin.

XXIX.

People are distinguished less by a genius for any particular thing, than by a peculiar tone and manner of feeling and thinking, whatever be the subject. The same qualities of mind or characteristic excellence that a man shows in one art, he would probably have displayed in any other. I have heard Mr. Northcote say, that he thought Sir Joshua Reynolds would have written excellent genteel comedies. His DISCOURSES certainly are bland and amiable (rather than striking or original) like his pictures.

XXX.

The same kind of excellence may be observed to prevail in different arts at the same period of time, as characteristic of the spirit of the age. Fielding and Hogarth were cotemporaries.

XXXI.

There is an analogy in the style of certain authors to certain professions. One writes like a lawyer: it seems as if another would have made an eminent physician. Mandeville said of Addison that he was "a parson in a tye-wig:" and there is something in the SPECTATOR to justify this description of him.

XXXII.

Salvator Rosa paints like a soldier; Nicolas Poussin like a Professor at a University; Guido like a finished gentleman; Parmegiano with something of the air of a dancing-master. Alas! Guido was a gamester and a madman; and Parmegiano a searcher after the philoso-

pher's stone.—One of the happiest ideas in modern criticism was that of designating different living poets by the cups Apollo gives them to drink out of: thus Wordsworth is made to drink out of a wooden bowl, Lord Byron out of a skull chased with silver, &c.

## XXXIII.

Extreme impatience and irritability are often combined with a corresponding degree of indifference and indolence. When the eagerness of pursuit or the violence of opposition ceases, nothing is left to interest the mind, that has been once accustomed to a state of morbid excitement.

## XXXIV.

Artists and other studious professions are not happy, for this reason: they cannot enjoy mental repose. A state of lassitude and languor succeeds to that of overstrained, anxious exertion.

## XXXV.

It is the custom at present to exclude all but Scientific and Mechanical subjects from our fashionable Public Institutions, lest any allusions to popular sentiments or the cause of humanity should by chance creep in, to the great annoyance of the polite and well-informed part of the audience.

## XXXVI.

People had much rather be thought to look ill than old: because it is possible to recover from sickness, but there is no recovering from age.

## XXXVII.

I never knew but one person who had a passion for truth—and only one who had the same regard to the distinction between right and wrong, that others have to their own interest.

## XXXVIII.

Women are the sport of caprice, the slaves of custom.

## XXXIX.

When men are not favourites with women, it is either from habits of vulgar debauchery, or from constitutional indifference, or from an overstrained and pedantic idea of the sex, taken from books, and answering to nothing in real life.

## XL.

The object of books is to teach us ignorance; that is, to throw a veil over nature, and persuade us that things are not what they are, but what the writer fancies or wishes them to be.

## XLI.

My little boy said the other day—"He could not tell what to do without a book to read—he should wander about without knowing what to do with himself." So have I wandered about, till now, and waking from the dream of books at last, don't know what to do with myself. My poor little fellow! may'st thou dream long amidst thy darling books, and never wake!

## XLII.

Political truth is a libel; religious truth, blasphemy.

## XLIII.

The greatest crime in the eye of the world is to endeavour to instruct or amend it.

## XLIV.

Weighing remote consequences in the mind is like weighing the air in scales.



## XLV.

A hypocrite seems to be the only perfect character—since it embraces the extremes of what human nature is, and of what it *would be thought*.

[To be continued.]

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ERRATUM in last No. page 157, third line of paragraph XVI. for  
“ they have,” read “ he has.”

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## TABLE TALK.

Having, in past numbers, dilated upon the *heroines* of the novel, we may possibly be indulged with a word or two on the vicissitudes of fashion, in relation to the heroes of the same class of invention, speaking, however, more directly of those of feminine manufacture. Passing over the robust and indelicate creations of Fielding and Smollet, the literary novel leaders for some years past have vibrated between the Lovelace of Richardson and a sort of insipid sentimental man of virtue, like the Lord Orville of *Evelina*; in reference to whom a lively widow once observed to us, that she somehow or other felt a much greater regard for Sir Clement Willoughby. To these varieties succeeded a stately, reserved, but honourable sort of English Spaniard—an incipient notion of which was possibly broached also by Miss Burney, in the young Delville of her *Cecilia*, but still more fully developed in the decayed gentlemen of ancient family, of Charlotte Smith, who to a man abounded in stateliness, chivalry, and English *morgue*. A something of this kind had its day, until Miss Porter gave a new notion or two in *Thaddeus of Warsaw*; and at the conclusion of the late war, at which era, setting aside such *lusus naturæ* as *Cœlebs*, and a few more of that school, the unspeakable *He* for the most part consisted of a tall, well-made personage, with a somewhat of German dignity of *mein*—his eyes dark, and at once bright as a sunbeam and soft as moonlight; his gait a little soldierly because he frequently commanded a company in an Hussar regiment. Magnanimous as Hector, but provoked, as fiery as Troilus: unutterably mild and benignant to young ladies, and open-handed as Shakespeare's Hal to melting charity. A remnant of the reserve of the Charlotte Smith class was still preserved, this sort of hero seldom talking to the crowd, and although abounding in wit, like *Hudibras*, very shy of using it; but when made to talk, that is to say, to the heroine—ye Gods how he does talk! To crown all, he was created exceedingly prudent, always living within his pay or pittance if under adversity, and, as a fixed rule, he was never to be beholden to man, woman, or child, until within half an hour of expiring through hunger. If rich, he had nothing to do but to give away three quarters of his rentroll in charity: to say nothing of an estate or two occasionally. Germany was a very fashionable country at this period for a hero, and he had always fifteen quarterings at least, and six or eight orders of knighthood. The regiment he belonged to, at that time of day, always bore a death's head in front, emblematic of hatred to the French. If an Englishman, no particular direction in this respect was necessary, a commissioned hussar in England then, and ever since, usually changing his uniform once a year, by



royal order. Such was the *beau-ideal*, while we were feasting the despots, and for a month or two afterwards. Of the absolute thing at this moment, a lack of recent diligent reading in the line makes us ignorant, but we suspect that the Scottish novels have routed all the previous idea-ology, and that our fair scribes are rather unsettled in their present notions. Sir Walter, indeed, makes his Masters and Misses—his Oroondateses and his Statiras perform such mawkish and subordinate parts, all ancient notions are at sea, and nothing is yet settled in the way of succession. When quite satisfied of the termination of the interregnum, we will duly announce it. A.

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HENRY AND EMMA—GRISELDA.—There is something in the idea of the absolute devotedness of a beloved object, maugre adversity, reverses, and even ill treatment, which we are sorry to say, in contemplation, is much more grateful to the imagination of man than of woman. Whether it is that this implicit yielding is more out of character in the latter than in the former, we know not; but certainly, except in books of knight-errantry, which are altogether fictitious, we never hear of a man exciting *la belle passion* in a stronger degree, by extreme subserviency, nor in ideal portraiture are these submissive heroes treated by female pens with peculiar favour. A touch of Russian feeling, we suspect, prevails on these occasions, subdued and refined however, for it does not go so far as to regard a non-use of the whip as passionless and ungallant; but we firmly believe it extends to the desire of witnessing a little impetuosity now and then in proof of the masculine gender. On the other hand, the Griseldas and Emmas with poets and novellists of the opposite sex are highly admired. They are not so with us; for although there is something dramatic and picturesque in the contemplation of an all-devouring passion, which like the rod of Aaron swallows up all the rest,—and while we can truly sympathise with a strength of attachment that will encounter danger, suffering, and distress, rather than forsake a beloved object,—we cannot perceive the beauty of so much perseverance when the heroine is apparently spurned, insulted, and calumniated, like the aforesaid Grissel, and the Nut-brown Maid. The unity and intensity of the picture, supplied by unresisted passion, may be very forcible, but all the master touches—all that can render it permanently interesting arises out of the struggles with reason and principle. Compare the Clementina of Richardson, for instance, with the Emma of Prior, or rather of the original ballad, and which excites the most genuine sympathy?—Which again, as a portrait, is the most exquisite conception, the obtrusive Olivia, or that ideal victim of concealment and hopelessness, which the same master-hand describes as sitting “smiling at grief”?

We have observed, that an all-devoted man is not so attractive to the opposing sex, as in the reverse instances. A striking proof of this truth is to be found in one of the Plays on the Passions by Miss Johanna Baillie. The heroine of the play absolutely hesitates to marry her lover, because she fears that he is attached to *her* more than to honour, rectitude, and consistency; and the business of the piece is made up of experiments to prove, whether he is so arrant and self-abandoned a Mark Antony as he appears to be. This is curious from a female pen, and may pair off, by way of contrast, with the History

of the Chevalier de Griefx, founded on fact, and written, we believe, by the celebrated Abbé Prevost,—the Daniel Defoe of France. This work, translated into English under the title of *Manon L'Escaut*, describes the infatuated passion of a young and noble Frenchman for a youthful, bewitching, but utterly worthless and vicious girl, whom he protects under all fortunes, and finally accompanies to Cayenne, where she is transported as a convict,—quitting her only in death. The tale is simple, but is forcible from its singleness of passion and of interest; and the eccentric author of the *Lounger's Common-Place Book* pronounces it to be natural and possible from experience of his own. Be this as it may, the idol of the young Frenchman was as worthless a jilt as Cleopatra, and so it generally happens. Further to prove the secondary estimation, on the part of woman, of so much devotion, we may observe in a great variety of novels (from which, after all, much more is to be gathered than certain affected sages imagine) that the passion of the mild, plaintive, all-adoring swain, although acknowledged to be the best creature in the world, is almost uniformly rejected in favour of some *preux* chevalier of more boisterous and manly properties. Having appealed to authority, there is no more to be said.

LE MISANTROPE OF MOLIERE.—There is a traditionary anecdote in relation to the first performance of this excellent Comedy. In a scene of infinite humour, the plain-dealing Alceste is attacked by a Poetaster of rank, who begins with a profession of eternal friendship, and ends with requesting his opinion on a love song, which resembles some of those, by persons of quality and of honour, which were routed, horse and foot, by the excellent burlesque of “Fluttering spread thy purple pinions” of Pope and Swift. The equivoque of the scene requires a solemn reading of one of these non-entities by the presumed author; and so admirably had Moliere caught the prevailing tone of nonsense of the day, the Parisian critics were completely taken in, and loudly applauded a tissue of no-meaning which the hero of the Comedy, in the plenitude of his sincerity, proceeds to pull to pieces as tinsel stuff, which good sense despises—

“De ces Colifichets, dont le bon sens murmure.”

This was too deep a wound for French self-love, and for this reason alone the play was for a considerable time discountenanced. We observed last week, that in the *School for Scandal* about to be acted in Paris, the French would recognize a portion of their own drama. Such is the fact in regard to a scene of fashionable scandal in *Le Misanthrope*, which clearly supplied the ground-work of a similar spirited conversation in the *School for Scandal*.

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